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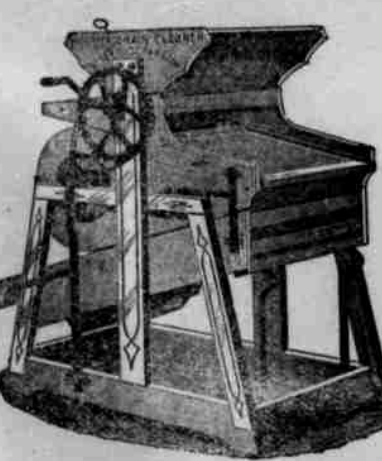
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EYE  
On That  
SHEEP!

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!  
Right of the top with a lot of the finest

**DELANE MERINO RAMS**

in Logan County. All stock recorded. Make your selections early and get first choice. Prices reasonable.

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BELLEFONTAINE, O.



**THE HOOSIER**  
Fan Mill,  
Seed Separator,  
Cleaner and Grader.  
PATENTED MAY 18, 1897.

"I will clean, separate, and grade all kinds of seed or grain. It will separate Rye, Oats, Barley, Corn, Mustard and Wheat from Wheat. It will separate Buckwheat, Dock, Ragweed, Plantain, Sand, and all other impurities from Clover Seed. Will separate Clover from Timothy, and any other separation desired. It will clean and separate Wheat into two grades at one operation, at the rate of one bushel every minute. It has a motion different from all other machines, and will not dance about the floor. It is smaller, neater, and has a greater screen capacity than any mill on the market. It will pay for itself in one season. Call at the factory and see this machine work."

**DeGraff Manufacturing Co.,**

Send for Catalogue. GRAFF, OHIO. Agents Wanted. July 22, 1898-6m.

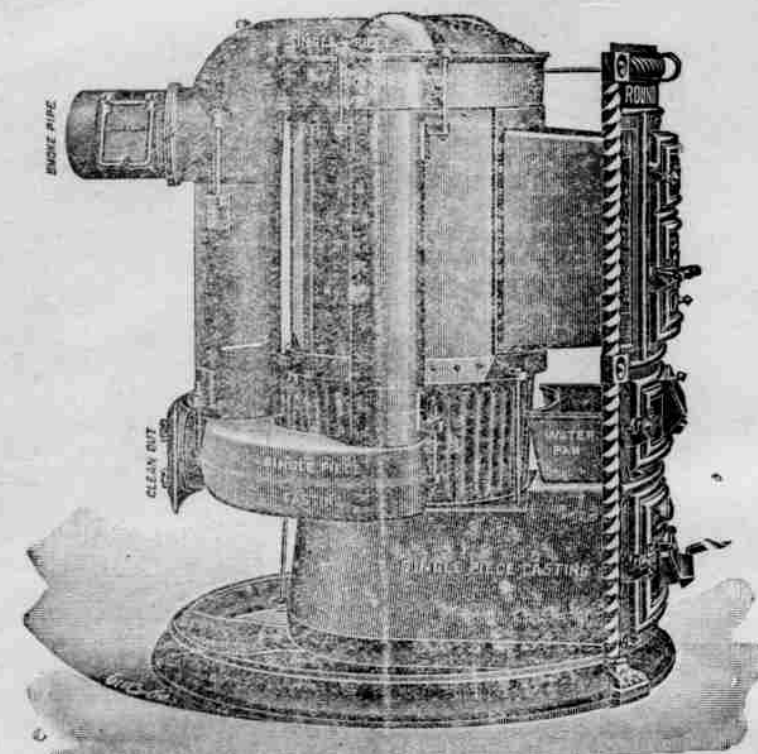
**Sampson Slayed the Lion,**

But Plummer is slaying the price on GASOLINE STOVES; also has a large stock of Screen Doors, Windows, Wire, Ice Cream Freezers, Refrigerators, Beekeeper's Supplies, Scythes, Snaths, Lawn Mowers, Harnesses, Binders and Mowers.

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**THE ROUND OAK FURNACE**



most powerful heater, greatest fuel saver and most durable in construction of any in the market.

**BURNS { HARD COAL, SOFT COAL, or WOOD.**

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109 North Main Street.

**If You are Thinking**

Of buying a WATCH? It will be to your interest to call and see us. Our stock is large and prices low. Come in and take a look at our RINGS, CHAINS, BRACELETS, SPECTACLES, SILVER KNIVES, FORKS and SPOONS. Now is the time to select, and you can not do better than call and see us.

**DAVIS BROS., JEWELERS,**  
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**W. A. WEST, Agent.**

Five and ten year Loans on first mortgage, farm security, interest at seven per cent. payable annually. Borrower charged no commission, nor to be at any expense except for or connected with abstract of title, and making mortgage and may repay in any year one-sixth of the principal.  
Office Opposite West Door of Court House, MAIN STREET, BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO  
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**J. A. HARTZLER,**  
DEALER IN

**Hard and Soft Coal,**  
201 South Main Street.

Coal delivered to any part of the city on short notice, Telephone 22.  
Leave your orders or call at

**THE UP-TOWN COAL OFFICE.**  
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**FRANK R. GRIFFIN,**  
DENTIST.

Special attention given to operations on the natural teeth and the care of Children's teeth.

Office, Room 20, Lawrence Bldg.  
BELLEFONTAINE O.  
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**THE UP-TO-DATE COAL OFFICE**

Opposite JoHantgen's Shop  
Will continue to keep on hand a full supply of COAL, WOOD, BRICK, CEMENT, BUILDING SUPPLIES, SALT, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS and FEED of all kinds.

**Geo. P. Baker,**  
Phone 58. 113 South Main St.  
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**Just What**

YOU ARE LOOKING FOR.

**Something Nice**

FOR A WEDDING, BIRTHDAY OR HOLIDAY PRESENT.

**WE HAVE THEM.**

**C. A. MILLER,**  
200 SOUTH MAIN STREET.  
Nov. 19, 1897, 1f

**IMPORTANT INFORMATION!**

**A. PEEBLES,**  
THE TAILOR,

Is now prepared to furnish  
Fall and Winter Suits and Overcoats  
At prices ranging from

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Less than others can. Goods, Trimmings and Workmanship First-class.

No. 104 North Main Street,  
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**FOUR LOOP HOOKS AND EYES.**



Sew  
Through  
the  
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Loops.

**PRACTICAL, SENSIBLE.**

They Stay Hooked.  
No Pulling Loose.  
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Leave Surface Flat.

**HANDSOME AND NEAT.**

Kalamazoo Corset Co.,  
SOLE AGENTS,  
Kalamazoo, Michigan.

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July 1898 6m

**DeLand's "Cap Sheaf" Brand Soda.**



**NATIONAL FLAGS.**  
Set of thirty cards showing the national flags of the principal nations of the world. One of these cards is packed in each large package of CAP SHEAF SODA. If a complete set is desired, we will mail same on receipt of five one pound Cap Sheaf wrappers. Give your name and post office plainly written.  
DeLand's Soda, Fairport, N. Y.

**CARTER BROTHERS, Agents,**  
Bellefontaine, Ohio.

**Tremain's Insurance Agency.**

Office and 2 Empire Block,  
No. 125 1/2 South Main Street, Bellefontaine,  
Insures against Loss or Damage by

Fire, Lightning, Tornadoes  
and Wind Storms.

None but old reliable companies in this agency, which has been established for 20 years.  
**W. C. TREMAIN, Agent.**  
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**AT The Oak Restaurant.**

You can buy Springfield Steam Baked bread, fresh daily; absolutely the best in the city. Please give us a call.

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**MONEY TO LOAN**  
At 6 Per Cent.

On Farm Security and Papers promptly prepared with no unnecessary delay.  
**A. Jay Miller,**  
Office Opposite Justice Court,  
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**QUEEN'S PARTNER.**

Olaf Olsen made up his mind he would go to the Klondike. It took him a long time to make up his mind, but he took him a longer time to get to the Klondike. In the first place he made a mistake. He selected the trail from Skaguay over the White Pass to Lake Bennett. Now that was bad, but not so bad as his next error. He would not give it up and go by the Chilkoot Pass, though he heard Chilkoot was much easier. But that does not say much for the Chilkoot Pass.

"No," said Olaf, "I started to go over the White Pass, and I am going to make it over the White Pass. Olaf had a hard time on the trail, though he didn't know it. That is to say, any other man would have thought it a hard time; but Olaf, expecting bad things, had no "kick," as he expressed it, against adversity.

Olaf was an exceptional man on the trail—phenomenally exceptional. For on a trail where each man had one partner at least and most many, Olaf preferred having no partner.

"Another man in the party besides me won't do," he said. "I might want to do one thing and him another; besides, I don't want no partner, no-how. Partners always means trouble." The experience of many men on the trail confirmed the wisdom of Olaf's views. Nothing discouraged Olaf. When misfortune overtook him, he set to work to "do what he could for the best." Up before daybreak, he cooked a substantial breakfast—for he believed in feeding himself well—and with fifty pounds more on his back than any other man could carry started off on the trail, climbing over rocks and wading through mud, keeping at it all day with a short interval for lunch.

It took him ten days to move his outfit from station to station. Difficulties too great for other men never prevented Olaf from moving forward. If he could not make ten miles, he made five; if not five, he made two. But he always kept moving forward. When some of his provisions were stolen he "rusted," as he called it, and worked for others until he had earned enough to replace what had been stolen. Then he moved on his own outfit. When at last he reached Lake Bennett, he built a boat and calmly set sail without any of the excitement which others exhibited. Men wanted to buy a passage in his boat and assist him to manage it, but Olaf said:

"No; I don't want no passengers, and I guess I can handle the boat myself." The Tagish Lake Custom House Olaf worked four days to pay for the duty on his goods, and went on his way with the delay ruffling his temper. He sailed his boat around the point at Windy Arm, when thirty other boats hauled up on the beach. Approaching Miles canon men shouted to warn Olaf to land and lighten his boat and wait for the pilot.

"That's the canon!" they shouted. "Miles canon."

"Is it?" said Olaf. "I've been watching for it all day." And he took his boat through and on through the White Horse Rapids without moving an eyelid. But now floating ice began to impede Olaf's progress. "I'll keep going till she freezes up," he said. And

he did. She froze up when Olaf had got to Five Fingers, and Olaf went into camp. He built a shed and ate up his grub until he had shed what he could pull.

About Christmas Olaf started for Dawson on the ice with more on his sled than any two men could pull. He made slow progress, but he said:

"I shall come there some time if I keep moving."

Four miles a day does not seem much, but if persisted in it counts up, and at last Olaf arrived in Dawson.

He immediately moved up the creek and went to work prospecting. To his surprise a lead-pencil prospector jumped his claim. Olaf moved to another location, found good prospects, and recorded. Then he built a cabin and settled down to work. Olaf put in eleven solid hours a day. His claim was 500 feet, and as he looked around he felt pleased. He had all the gold he wanted, he thought, and it was all his own. He congratulated himself daily on having no partner.

Some stampedeers camped one night at Olaf's cabin and discussed the mining regulations. Yukon mining regulations are still stranger. Olaf learned to his dismay that half of his claim did not belong to him. It belonged to the Queen, the stampedeers said. Olaf was mightily troubled. He stopped working and thought over the situation. Then he went down to Dawson, took his place in line behind some hundreds others outside the commissioner's of-

fice, and waited patiently for admission. The thermometer registered 53 degrees below, but Olaf "wanted to see the gold commissioner," and that was a detail he could not remedy.

After waiting two hours and a half, he got in.

"I want to see the gold commissioner," said Olaf to a worried-looking man seated behind a roughly made desk and some gold scales.

"I am the gold commissioner," was the reply. "What do you want?" "I want to know the Queen's address," said Olaf.

"Somebody's always wanting to know something," said the commissioner. "What do you want with the Queen's address?"

"Well," said Olaf, "the Queen and me is partners on a claim up the creek, and I don't want to be a partner now. So I want to write to the Queen to know if she'll buy my 250 feet or sell her 250 feet to me. I don't want no partners, and, anyhow, the Queen's more especially a lady and one of us exalted rank. But Olaf found it hard work; thinking and idling were strange to him, so he gradually drifted into working regularly on his claim as hard as ever.

As time went on Olaf sized up matters something as follows, and grew contented:

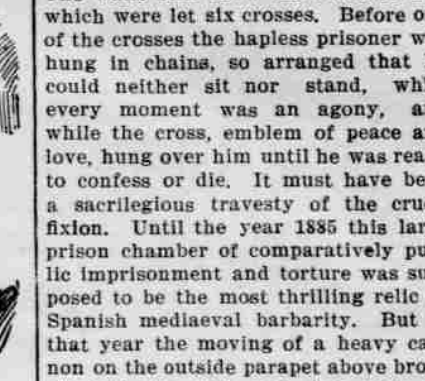
"I don't want no partner, but my partner's never here to bother me. She doesn't put any work into the claim, but then she's a lady, and I wouldn't let her work now, even if she wanted to. If a man must have a partner, he can't have no better partner than the Queen. She's all right as a partner."

Olaf is still working on his claim, and the only thing that troubles him is whether his partner will come for her share of the dust after the wash up, or whether it will be his duty to take the dust to her. But Olaf is determined the Queen will get her share, for he says:

"She's a good partner."—Ex.

**FORT MARION'S DUNGEONS.**  
Where the Spaniards Used to Torture Their Victims.

The most interesting sight in St. Augustine is Fort Marion, as the old structure was rechristened after the Florida purchase, in honor of our revolutionary general, Marion, says the New York Mail and Express. Its grim, weather-beaten battlements and parapets are all built of coquina—that strange calcareous deposit of decayed sea shells making a kind of natural and durable mortar that solidifies upon exposure to the air. Even a new structure of this material takes on instantly a gray and venerable appearance. One might wonder for hours or sit for days near one of the sentry boxes or in the antique watch tower of this fortification and dream of the successive scenes of conquest, of Spanish cruelty, of French revenge, of British conquest, of Spanish reconquest, and of final acquisition by the United States. Sergeant Brown, of the regular army, is in charge of this historic pile. He will show you through the old casemates, each of them curious enough, and will reach his culmination of horror in the dungeons beneath the northwest bastion. Here, opening by a narrow passage from the central place of arms, is the place of punishment for prisoners. The walls still show the recesses into which were let six crosses. Before one of the crosses the hapless prisoner was hung in chains, so arranged that he could neither sit nor stand, while every movement was an agony, and while the cross, emblem of peace and love, hung over him until he was ready to confess or die. It must have been a sacrilegious travesty of the crucifixion. Until the year 1855 this large prison chamber of comparatively public imprisonment and torture was supposed to be the most thrilling relic of Spanish mediaeval barbarity. But in that year the moving of a heavy cannon on the outside parapet above broke through the roof, and then were revealed two inner chambers. Investigation showed that these inner dungeons were connected with the larger prison chamber by a low, narrow tunnel, running through walls four feet thick. This tunnel, before the transfer of the old fort, had been blocked with masonry—perhaps to conceal from the new owners the testimony of atrocious cruelty; or perhaps the tunnel was blocked at a far earlier period. The first of these dungeons, which you examine by lantern light, is about seven feet by twenty and fifteen feet high. Its length fitted it for the use of the rack and its seclusion prevented the groans and shrieks of the tortured from being heard, except, perhaps, as they might faintly reach through the tunnel the chained prisoners in the outer chamber, to strike further terror to their fainting souls. There is a small passage for ventilation in the roof and it was this that after many years caused the break that led to the discovery of the torture chamber. It is with a shuddering realization of the possibilities of Spanish ferocity when in unbridled power that one emerges from these dark, stone-walled dungeons and greets the outer sunshine with a gasp of relief.



**KEEPING AT IT.**

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**BREAKING THE NEWS.**

"Do you think he'll take it very badly, Nora?"

Nora Helmsley shrugged her shoulders.

"My dear Betty, you ought to know more about Mr. Markham's powers of endurance than I."

"But what do you think he'll do? What do you suppose?"

"Why waste our time in supposition? He'll be here most likely this afternoon, and you will be able to judge for yourself."

Betty Oakhurst sprang to her feet. "Ted is coming here this afternoon? Why on earth didn't you tell me before?" And she fled nervously with her hat before the glass as she spoke.

"But you knew. Betty, where are you going?"

"Anywhere out of this," cried the girl, laughing nervously, as she stooped to kiss her friend.

Nora, however, caught her arm. "Nonsense, Betty! You'd much better tell him straight out now and get it over. It will be ever so much more awkward for you if the news reaches him from outside."

"I don't see that at all," returned Betty, quietly, as she drew away from her companion. "I am sure that if it you—"

She paused tentatively.

"You don't mean to say that you expect not to tell Ted Markham that you have jilted him?"

"I certainly don't expect you to put it in that way," replied Miss Oakhurst with a little laugh. "But I am quite certain that you would explain it to the poor fellow much better than any one else."

"Explain!" exclaimed Nora, impatiently. "I don't know that there's anything to explain, except that you've put yourself and me in a most ridiculous position."

"Nora!"

Nora flashed an indignant look at her.

"I think you might be serious now and at least pretend that you're ashamed of yourself. You begged me to help you to get my aunt to ask him here, to act as screen, in fact, so that your people might imagine it was all over, and that you had both changed your minds, and now—"

The sound of a bell broke in upon Miss Helmsley's eloquence, and Betty caught up her gloves.

"I'm awfully sorry, Nora. Abuse me as much as you like. Good-by!"

And before Nora could stop her she had darted through the door and was on her way downstairs. She let her go. After all, it never was of her to argue with Betty; she was one of those delightfully irresponsible creatures who always manage to shift the blame of their shortcomings on to other people's shoulders, and whom no one—no man, at any rate—ever dreams of judging by ordinary standards. Nora wondered, as she stood there looking into the street, how she could ever have been foolish enough to take Betty's love troubles seriously.

Meantime, that same folly of hers was going to bear some very unpleasant fruit. In less than ten minutes young Markham would be there. He had arranged to call for Miss Helmsley and her aunt, Lady Hewitt, to escort them to an afternoon concert. The elder lady had declared at luncheon that the weather was far too depressing for it not to be madness to risk the probability of a further fall in one's moral barometer by a couple of hours of orchestral music, and that Nora must give him some tea and her excuses.

Nora was conscious that this was a neat pretext for giving the young man the chance for a tete-a-tete with herself. Lady Hewitt was too indolent, naturally, not to be heartily weary of her duties as chaperon to her niece. An attractive heiress was a responsibility little to her taste, and the girl felt that, intelligible as most mothers and responsible people would have termed Ted Markham, with his post in the foreign office and his meager personal fortune, Lady Hewitt would open her arms gladly to him if he would but relieve her of her onerous duties of watch dog, and would declare that Nora had money enough for them both.

Nora smiled as she stood at the window. It was a topsy-turvy world, and the wrong people were always being thrown together. If only—

she rattled on. Suddenly she stopped, conscious of his fixed glance.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked, in a slightly alarmed voice. It was surely not possible that he could already have learned Betty's treachery.

"Yes. We can't go on like this, Miss Helmsley!"

"No!" Nora felt the color go out of her face.

"It isn't fair to you, and besides I—things have changed—"

"You mean that Betty—"

"Miss Oakhurst is going to be married," Nora gasped, but did not speak. "She is engaged to Lord Bartheolme. I met Lady Oakhurst just now, and she was overflowing with loving kindness to the world in general."

"Betty has behaved abominably!" put in Nora, indignantly.

"Ted Markham smiled. "I think, on the contrary, that she has shown a remarkably good sense. I am going to leave London; I really came this afternoon to say good-by."

Nora bit her lips.

"I am very sorry," she began, hesitatingly. "I am afraid I was rather to blame, but I thought Betty really cared, and—"

She left the sentence unfinished. Ted Markham's demeanor puzzled her; he was quite white, and there was a look in his eyes which troubled her. What was there in her fluffy-haired, blue-eyed little friend to move a man so? That her companion had taken some great resolution, and that a singularly difficult one, it was easy enough to perceive.

"Are you going to be away long?" she asked, awkwardly. "I mean, are you going far?"

"I think of going to have a look at the antipodes. My father has some interest, and I hope to get sent off to Melbourne."

"But haven't you made up your mind rather hurriedly?" she objected, timidly.

"Hurriedly? Why, I put things in train weeks ago."

"Weeks ago!" she exclaimed. "But Betty's engagement is quite fresh. Did you suspect—"

"I suspected nothing. I knew—"

"You knew!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "Then why didn't you speak? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you!" She stared at him, his tone was so vehement. "Oh, about Betty, you mean!"

"Of course. What else could I mean?"

"Nothing, of course—"

"Really, I don't understand you."

He laughed drearily as he rose. "No, I must not explain. Good-by!" She looked up at him with startled eyes.